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AN

ESSAY

OF A

CHARACTER

Of the Right Honourable

Sir George Treby Kt.

Lord Chief Juſtice of His Majeſty's Court of *Common-Pleas.*

Addreſs'd to the Learned Dr. FOWKE:

By N. TATE, *Servant to His* MAJESTY.

SIR,

WHAT Preſent can the Muſe's Servant ſend
To You, the Muſe's, and your Country's Friend?
To You, who, like Apollo, are renown'd
For Phyſick's Pow'r, ---- Like Him, with Wiſdom crown'd.
From whence we learn, both how we may enjoy
Long Life, and Uſefully that Life employ:

How,

How, with firm Health, right Reaſon we may gain,
And, in ſound Bodies, a ſound Mind retain:
By Virtue's Rules, that is, by Yours, *to Live;*
The beſt Preſcription Art it ſelf can give.
Fain would I ſend, what Fame *and* You *deſire,*
A Picture of the Man *you Both Admire.*
Phœbus *himſelf might envy my Succeſs,*
Could I the great Original Expreſs;
Or cou'd, at leaſt, to humane View impart
Your TREBY--- *as He's Pictur'd in my Heart.*
But ah! how faint I This Reſemblance find,
To the Sublime Idea *in my Mind!*
How ſhort my Words of what my Thoughts deſign'd!
So when ſome Prophet would an Angel draw,
Whom He in ſilent Contemplation ſaw,
He's forc'd to ſpeak as Mortal Language can,
Deſcribe the Seraph as a Glorious Man.

INdulge One Labour more, my drooping Muſe,
(Which neither Love nor Duty can refuſe)
For *TREBY*'s worthy Praiſe new String thy Lyre,
And ſing a Theme that will thy Verſe inſpire.
The grateful Song would Charm the liſtning Globe,
Could'ſt Thou his Name Adorn, as He the Robe.

See how from Specious Falſhood he divides
Wrong'd Truth, and like an Oracle decides!
Whoſe Large, and Richly furniſht Mind appears
A Regiſter of long-tranſacted Years;
Paſt Preſidents ſo faithfully deriv'd,
As more than *Neſtor*'s Age he had ſurviv'd:

As He the Practiſe of all Courts had ſeen,
And from Law's Infancy her Guardian been.
For Law, that do's a boundleſs Ocean ſeem,
Is Coaſted all, and Fathom'd all by Him.
Yet, tho' with ſuch ſagacious Knowledge crown'd,
No leſs for Juſtice than for Skill renown'd:
His Judgments he from Truth's clear Fountain draws,
Reſpecting not the Party, but the Cauſe:
Makes haughty Pow'r to humble Right give Place;
Want fears no Wrong, and Wealth expects no Grace.
Proceedings ſo unbiaſs'd, clear, and free,
They charm the loſt *Aſtrea* down, to ſee
On *Earth*, ſuch *Primitive* Integrity.
But when on Life's Tribunal he is ſet,
Juſtice and Mercy are together met;
With Looks and Language Awful, not Auſtere,
So circumſpect in Dooming, ſo ſincere,
That ev'n the Sentenc'd think him not Severe.

Could Verſe aſſume *His* Style, of Strength and Eaſe,
Compacted Senſe, with all the Charms to pleaſe,
My Muſe, that with the *Accompliſht* Judge began,
Might next proceed to Sing th' *Accompliſht* Man.

But who, in fetter'd Numbers, can Compriſe
The Great, the Good, the Juſt, the Learn'd and Wiſe?
The ſteddy Temper, condeſcending Mind,
Indulgent to Diſtreſs, to Merit kind;
Knowledge ſublime, ſharp Judgment, Piety,
From Pride, from Cenſure, and Moroſeneſs free.

Cautious

Cautious in Promiſe, in Performance Sure;
Swift of Diſpatch, yet in Diſpatch Secure.
Solemn as Night, and chearful as the Day.
O Golden Mean! O Worth without Allay!
Renown'd amongſt the noble gen'rous *Few*
Who Vertue's moſt exalted Rules purſue,
As if for Nature's laſt Reſerve deſign'd,
To prop the Sinking Credit of Mankind.

When high in Publick Seated, to diſpenſe
Impartial Right, we wiſh him never Thence;
Yet when withdrawn, his private Friends to bleſs,
With Tranſport fir'd we wou'd for ever preſs,
Ingroſs the Bliſs, and his whole Time poſſeſs.
Thus Patriarchs heretofore, at vacant Hours,
Treated their Viſitants in *Sylvan* Bow'rs;
Thus *Socrates* th' Eſteem of *Athens* gain'd,
Thus *Plato*'s happy Gueſts were entertain'd;
Such Converſation may ev'n Gods invite,
Where Learning, Reaſon, Wit, their Force Unite,
Experience, Truth, Inſtruction, and Delight.

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